

medium III

Erindale Campus Student Newspaper Monday, April 1, 1991
Volume 17, Issue 21 Circulation 7 000



Paul Meyer accepted more than a few medals on behalf of absent award winners at last week's Ball Hockey Pub.

NEWS

News in Brief

Daytime Lectures Offered

Through April 10 to May 8, daytime lectures are available on a variety of subjects.

These lectures, the Canadian Perspectives Series are open to the general public, and all but the May 8 session are being held at Erindale College in the Council Chamber (South Building) Room 2080, beginning at 10:00 am. The five lectures will be featuring the following topics:

April 10, Professor John Crispo (Faculty of Management) on Canada's Competitive Challenge

April 17, Walter Pitman (Director, Ontario Institute of Studies in Education) on An Overview of the Canadian Artistic Scene

April 24, Professor Desmond Morton (Department of History) on Why We Can't Stop Talking About the Canadian Constitution

May 1, James Spence, Q.C. (Treasurer for the Law Society of Upper Canada) on The Legal Profession

May 8, Professor Judith Patterson (Department of Geology) on A Geologists Perspective on Global Change

Series Tickets are \$20 per person (for all 5 lectures) and \$7 each (the day of the luncheon \$9). Refreshments are included in the price and the luncheon on April 24 following the presentation.

Barbecue for charity

by Aaron Polesky

And it was said, "Let there be food." And after some initial confusion, there was food, and it was good.

On Thursday March 28, the spring candidate class of the Sigma Nu fraternity held an all-you-can-eat barbecue, with all proceeds donated to the Canadian Cancer Society. The gourmet feast, attended by nearly one hundred and twenty Erindale students as well as over twenty brothers of Sigma Nu, consisted of hamburgers "grilled to a crisp" by a staff of students, who one person claimed as "experts, or at least speak French."

After dinner, the participants adjourned to the Blind Duck where several contributions to the canned food

drive were made. After all was said and done, a grand total of three hundred and fifteen dollars was raised for the Canadian Cancer Society.

Event organizer, Richard Ashmore, was very happy with the turnout. "A lot of people see fraternities as where people go only to drink and party. Admittedly we do drink occasionally, but we give a great deal back to the community and I think we showed that here today."

Mr. Ashmore went on to thank those whose assistance was invaluable, brothers James Dineen and Dean Toste. "Without their time and effort, not to mention their cars, nothing of this magni-

tude could have ever happened."

He also thanked his graduate class, including Brent Johnson, Gary Samuels, Geoff Elliot, Aaron Polesky, Joe Yang, Brian Lalancette, and Jose Vasquez, all "with nicknames too long and crude to mention."

Incoming Sigma Nu Commander Kevin Skeoch said the amount raised was the largest by any candidate class in the forty-three year history of the Toronto chapter.

Current Commander Glenn "Censored" Campell offered this statement. "Rich is the pinnacle, Rich reigns supreme, Rich is the Kingpin, he could crush us all like jellybeans." He refused to explain his comments.

The Easter Bunny and hot air

This is a column on how to say absolutely nothing, while conversely, saying something. Philosophers have debated throughout the ages on the finer points of this topic, yet what do philosophers know? (Actually, I'm sure they indeed do know a lot, but I enjoy being facetious.) Moreover, nevertheless and therefore, the use of redundancy - or even saying the same thing twice while using different words - or even repeating one's self - is a key or primary aspect to this topic and idea.

The aspect of saying something and nothing is a large part of Canadian society today, and maybe even the day after that. If you care to peruse, look over, criticize or read the editorial in this issue you will get a clearer, in fact crystal clear (that's

alliteration you know), idea of what I mean. I would like to point out that in no way am I implying that what our Editor has to say is unimportant or largely packed with hot air, but what I am saying is in fact what I have already said.

The Flip Side

by Chris o-rama,
Chrismeister, the Chris
man, Chris dude, Chris.

(Debate that you Philosophy majors!)

In addition, plus, and considering the fact that most of my professors will attest that my essays look substantially similar in text (if not content) to this column, it is important to mention that Easter

will have passed by the time this column is printed.

Easter is an important holiday not only for its religious meanings, but because of the fact that I generally get chocolate bunnies at this time. Another strange fact is that most women look forward to this holiday with anticipation, but will never reveal this fact on pain of death.

Chris Ovsenny is the News Editor who is apologising for this week's "news" section. It was a really slow week news wise, and the one story that was supposed to come in on the new ECARA Director wasn't submitted by my writer - so he will be suitably shot. Moreover, this column should really be in the joke issue.

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PERSPECTIVE

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STUDENTS INFORMING STUDENTS

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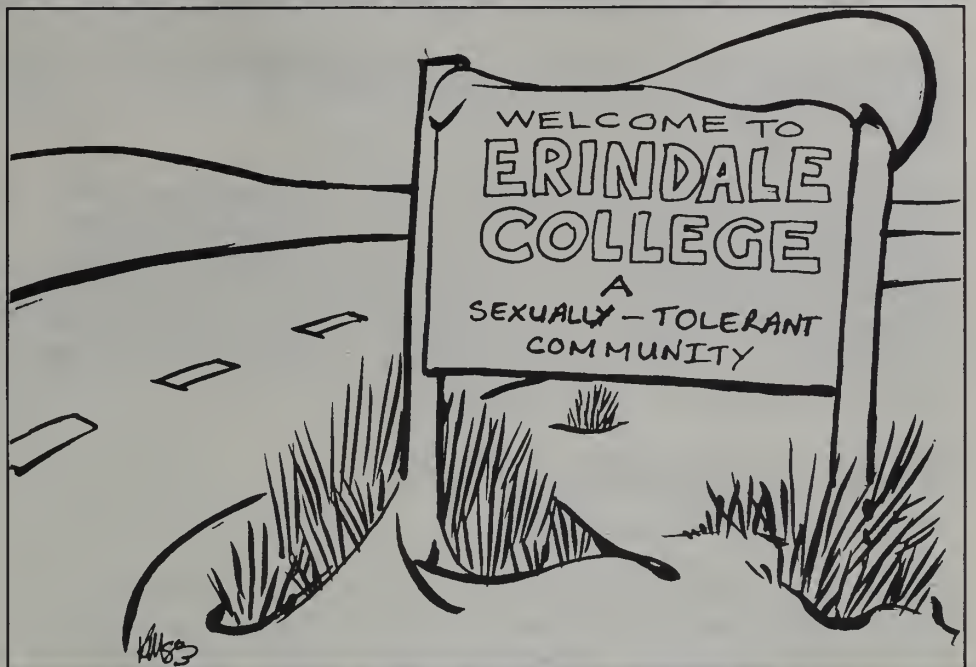
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Only three issues left. Fuck, the year is almost gone and some of us still are learning to use the computers. Who the hell reads this? Cheli thought that all I did was to write this little blurb every week. Wouldn't that be nice. All that money for a bit of bullshit. Something like doing a Sports section every week. Crap. Caroline wants to get on this Computer. Maybe I should make her wait a while — a few hours. I suppose Marina doesn't take that shit because she left hours ago. Fuck, the epitome of discipline. I think I'm becoming sore in my old age — that's bad.

STAFF MEETING: TUESDAY, APRIL 2; 5:00 PM



EDITORIAL

A striking success

The leaders of the T.A. strike declared it a success. Even though the T.A.s did not get all the money they asked for T.A. leaders say that they are happy because they got concessions that benefit the quality of education at U of T.

Their achievement is a committee comprised of T.A. and administrative members who will review quality of education on campus. But the real value of the committee, T.A. leaders say, is that grievances can be filed before a completed vote or without a full consensus by this body. So clearly the two-week disruption of classes by T.A.s are justified by the results of the strike.

The T.A. who was knocked down and had his leg broken now knows that it was worth it. Economic students who will struggle for the next two years because they missed two weeks of Eco 220Y should appreciate the benefits of their sacrifice. Professors who elicited disfavor from departmental heads should also be proud of their career sacrifices. And automobile collisions that occurred because of the traffic chaos was a small price because the grievances this committee can file will have a *Huge* impact on the quality of education at this university.

So hell, when the current contract expires in two years maybe the T.A.s will get an even better deal for us - and they might only cause half as much confusion.

medium II EDITOR-IN-CHIEF ELECTIONS

Tuesday, April 2, 1991
Rm. F18, Crossroads Building
10 a.m. to 4 p.m.

The individuals listed in the box
below are eligible to vote in the *medium II* elections.

medium II elections

Get closer to God. Be a member
of next year's Editorial Board
or Board of Directors.

The following positions are open:

- Editor-in-Chief
- Production Manager
- Business Manager
- News Editor
- Advertising Coordinator
- Features Editor
- Photography Editor
- Sports Editor
- Arts Editor
- Board of Directors (four places)

Individuals interested in section editor positions should submit the cover letters and resumes by April 4th. A forum for those positions will be held on April 5th. Board of Director nominations close at the same time as section editor positions. There are four student positions on the Board of Directors.

Voters of medium II

The following individuals have contributed to more than half the issues and are eligible to vote in the *medium II* elections. If you think you have contributed to more than half the issues please speak with Norman.

Norman Saunders	Michelle Szakos	Peter Croome	Dave Martin
Tom Grohmann	Paul Paradine	Melanie Ellerton	Len Hatzis
Anthony Booth	Pierre Lacoste	Theresa Cassidy	Karen Kwan
Marina Colautti	Arpana Chandra	Dave Cassar	Paul Meyer
Caroline Albergaria	Jessica Caceres	Denise Saunders	Art Tschinkel
Chris Ovsenny	Jennifer Cowan	David Drew	Peter Skov
Steve Viau	Terry McPhee	Jeff Smith	
Geoff Scott	Erica Phillips	Erik Twight	
Lloyd Aning	John Loman	Darrin Griffiths	

The following individuals need one (1) more contribution:
Rowena Calimin, Chris Wanschura, Greg Boyko

The following individuals need two (2) more contributions:
John Parsons, Tony Zekl

Not living behind a veil/lifestyle

Does A stand for anonymity? What's your first name, A? Are you not proud of it, A? Are you afraid of me looking for you to bash you? No? Then what's your first name, A?

I don't want to seem hostile but under the circumstances, if I signed my name to my graffiti it would be more of an open invitation to have my head bashed rather than an act of pride. Besides, all the graffiti I've ever seen has been anonymous. It's not one of those things you generally sign.

My graffiti stems from anger and simply states that we're here, and if you and the rest of the student pop. are tired of it then now you know how I feel. What about the violent retaliation by the homophobic (also anonymous) vandal? It takes two to tango, sweetheart.

You ask for consideration but you haven't realized yet that before homosexual-direct action there was only the heterosexual society determining all facets of social existence.

GUEST COLUMN by Sappho

This was your 'consideration'. Queers remained closeted and silenced because of fear and the society as a whole finally got us angry enough to speak up. Now you're uptight from having to deal with years of pent up anger.

You don't understand that I'm not living behind a veil; behind a lifestyle, as you so call it. I never claimed to be afraid of anyone, let alone anti-homosexual militants. I am, however, always ready for someone to attack me. How would you feel if every time you walked down a street you had to have eyes in the back of your head? So I'm not so much afraid as you might think. You don't know the shit we go through to deal with being gay. You don't know how hard I tried to be straight because my life was being dictated by "social norms" and "if you don't conform, you won't be accepted." You try being a 13-year-old without peer support. I'm

more proud of the fact that I finally said, No, I won't conform anymore. I'm going to be myself and if you don't like it then fuck-off." That's my pride. Proud of being really me. And I'm sick and tired of being discriminated against for what I look like and who I love. I tried "keeping it at home" but it's the heterosexuals who drag it out of the closet to cause shit.

For educational purposes, homosexuality is not a preference, it's an orientation; and it's not something one chooses, nor is one born with it. It's difficult to "keep it at home" when it's part of your entire life. I don't suggest to anyone to wear a mask for the purpose of making others feel comfortable. It's obvious that if someone's uncomfortable with it then it's her/his problem and the gay person should not have to suffer because of it.

So my anger upsets you. Well, I've been upset for 10 years. I'd sign my name but I don't want to be expelled from school for vandalism. Don't hold that against me, too.

Pseudonym: Sappho

In spirit of the other *medium II*'s joke issue, I have decided to donate this week's feature to bring you some of the world's many strange but true stories. All of the below, however weird or unbelievable, are all true. So here we go...

THE DEVIL MADE HER DO IT

They had a hell of a time

When a nun and a priest fall in love, what's to be done? Well, in this case, the nun underwent an exorcism to get rid of the devil that was forcing her to have sex. The French nun and priest were having sex for several months before the nun decided to blame it on Satan. She went through an agonising exorcism - one that would have put Linda Blair to shame - including writhing on the floor and screaming insults at the priest performing the rite. When it was over, she was cured. "After the exorcism, I felt empty," she recalls. "But I also felt pure again." (News Extra).

WOMAN WEDS GIRAFFE

Gives a whole new meaning to necking

What do you do when your fiance dies? Well, if you're lucky, you'll find out his soul has entered the body of a 16-foot tall giraffe named Lucky and you'll still get married. Our story began when an Italian woman took a trip to the zoo and noticed a giraffe staring at her. "It's eyes were large and soft, just as my fiance's had been," recalls the bride. "It looked at me with such understanding and pity. I knew immediately that this was more than an animal's gaze - I knew it was my fiance come back to me in another form." So the gal bought the giraffe and married it in her father's barn in front of 200 guests. Says a guest from the human side of the family, "I hope this doesn't ruin her socially. She's always been popular, but people are beginning to wonder. I mean, who wants the wife of a giraffe at their dinner party?" (Weekly World News).

GAY SHEEP

Now we know what virgin wool is

A good percentage of male sheep are gay, it seems, and most are not getting enough. "The problem for homosexual sheep is that it's difficult to find another male who will stand still," explains a doctoral student at a federal agricultural facility. "If there is a ram that is hurt or caught in a fence, then they can mount him, but otherwise there are so few receivers that it becomes difficult for homosexuals to express themselves." What about the few males that don't mind being on the bottom? "They tolerate it," says the doctoral candidate. "They may have been the wimps that got beat up so much that it was easier to tolerate than anything else." (Pittsburgh Out).

VEGGIE EATING MOM GIVES BIRTH TO GREEN BABY

Or maybe her husband had a green thumb

It's always greener on the other side of the nursery. What happens when a woman eats nothing but leafy green vegetables during her nine months of pregnancy? She gives birth to a green baby, that's what! At least that's what happened to this Mexican mama, who ate the green vegetables on the order of her physician. "My doctor told me it would be healthy for my child," she says. "Look what it did to my poor baby. He has become a spectacle in the hospital and too the world. People come by to get a look at him and all the nurses are laughing at him. What's going to happen when he gets older? All the children will be picking on him because he's so green." Docs believe that the vegetables had caused a chemical reaction inside the woman's body. (Sun).

EXCLUSIVE: INTERVIEW WITH SATAN

A Spanish journalist says he's conducted the world's first interview with the devil. The reporter claims that he was first visited by a catholic priest, who said that the devil had possessed the body of a young man and would release him only after speaking with the press. "As soon as I agreed to conduct the interview and get it published, Satan appeared at my house," the journalist recalls. "He smelled so bad I could barely breathe. And he looked just like a human corpse." Their hour-long conversation contained the following gems: "I want the world, and I will have it. It is mine... The Creator is defeated now, and his annihilation is everywhere ... I will crush your hope



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The Twilight Zone."

rue

Monday April 1st, 1991.

CAREER CENTRE THIS WEEK

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Ph.D, Educational Research & Testing

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The Erindale Career Centre will list summer fulltime and part-time jobs ONLY until April 26, 1991.

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Interested in Ontario Govt. summer jobs? Send resumes and application letters now - use last summer's opp's as a guide. Mostly minimum wage \$5.40 hr. but GREAT experience!!

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and replace it with pain and despair. I will make your existence a thousand times worse than the blackest moments of your lives. There is nothing you can do to stop me." (Weekly World News).

THE TWO FACES OF FRANCINE

A young French woman has two faces, side by side, sharing her head. Doctors explain her one-in-a-billion birth defect as a mutation of Siamese twins born with one body and two faces. Her brain combines the images from all four eyes, giving her 270-degree vision. "The odd thing is, I can make my faces do different things at once, everything except speak," says the woman, Francine M. "Strangers can't cope. They hate looking me in the eye because they don't know which one to choose." As a child, she stayed home from school and would cover her faces with a hood. "People are cruel - they ask me whether I argue with myself," she explains. "But it's not like that, I have one brain." When her mother first saw her, "Mama thought she had sinned and begged the nurses to keep me a secret." She had wanted to drown the infant, believing it was God's punishment for an affair she'd had with a car mechanic. (Sun).

ONION SHRIEKS UNDER KNIFE

It brings tears to your eyes

A former vegetarian has sworn that he'll never eat vegetables again after he cut into a Spanish onion and heard it scream. "They feel pain just like we do," the West German psychic researcher told reporters. "When I sliced the onion, the scream said it all. The onion was in agony. It was crying out for mercy. It was as if I had cut a human or an animal to the bone." The man had been conducting biofeedback experiments in his Duren laboratory, cutting into hundreds of other vegetables to register their response, when he first heard the onion's cries. "I felt like a fiend," he recalls. Although some believe that the scientists research was improperly conducted, one Frankfurt geneticist tends to differ: "Study after study has indicated that vegetation has at least some capacity for feeling pain. His research is not the first to say that a vegetable not only feels pain, but can respond to it."

MARRIED 21 TIMES AND COUNTING

A 48-year-old grandmother who has wed 15 different men - one man three times and four men twice - will be listed in the 1991 Guinness Book of World Records as the most married woman in the world. "I've been married 21 times," says Linda Essex. "I've spent my life looking for the perfect husband, and I'm still looking!" Her shortest marriage lasted one and a half days, her longest, six years. "I've been the wife of a tavern-band singer, a mechanic, a carpenter, a barroom bouncer, a prison inmate, a homosexual, addicts, a con man, a wealthy man, and poor men," she says. "The only thing I was asking for was someone to love me," adds Linda, who has seven children, ages 15 to 30, and thirteen grandchildren. "I wanted what other women had. Then - pow! - something would come up and I'd say, "Well, maybe next time, next man." (World News).

A ROLL IN THE HAY

A 39-year-old Austrian male has been "married" to his horse for the past ten years. The illegitimate son of a poor family, he attended reform schools, living a lonely existence. He met the horse of his dreams while roaming the countryside, and it was love at first sight. "She was the most beautiful creature I had ever seen," he recalls. "No woman ever turned me on like that." He took the animal to a horse farm, where he kept her in his living quarters and taught her to follow all of his commands. He's since found a human love interest, and although the horse is jealous, he's not concerned. "Most guys shack up with a girl, but this fellow really shacked up with that horse," says one local resident. "They eat and sleep together - they're with each other all of the time. They love each other so much that they may as well be married."

MEMO TO DR. RUTH

As shocking as it seems, according to a recent study, 30 percent of the women and about half of the men about to be married could not answer the following four basic questions: What do the genital organs of the opposite sex look like? What is one position for sex? What is a female orgasm? Does ejaculation harm a man?

What's On

At Erindale:

Blind Duck Pub- This week at the Duck is the year end Rowers pub, on Friday March 5th. All are welcome, so come meet the maniacs who get up every day at 5 in the morning to row for Erindale.

Erindale Theatre- The Drama Club of Erindale presents Theatrefest, an evening of one-act plays, April 4th through 6th. Tickets are \$4 in advance, \$5 at the door, and \$7 for non-students.

Elsewhere:

Massey Hall- Virtuoso jazz singer and pianist **Harry Connick Jr.** brings his inovative stylings to Toronto April 14th. Just 23, he is already becoming a legend in the jazz field, introducing a whole new generation of listeners to the music of their grandparents.

Art Gallery of Ontario- To celebrate the donation of a special Inuit art collection, the AGO presents *Sananguaq - The Swinton Collection of Inuit Art* from March 27 to May 26, in the Walter Trier Gallery. Sananguaq is an Inuktitut word meaning "making an imitation or likeness", and this display draws from over 371 Inuit works of art that represent more than 200 artists from across the Arctic.

St. Lawrence Centre Forum- The National Film Board presents a screening of *Between Two Worlds*, an insightful portrayal of Inuit legend Joseph Idlout, on April 3rd at 8:00. This noble man, who appeared on the back of our two dollar bills, fought desperately, although in vain, to both succeed in the white mans world, and to salvage his own way of life.

The Sisters of Mercy - The Lure of the Enigma

The Sisters of Mercy
Massey Hall
Tuesday March 26th
Sold Out

by Melanie Ellerton

Gaucheness and rawness under a slick facade. Yes, it's **Andrew Eldritch**, gazing out from behind the haze of white smoke that has suddenly consumed the stage, his face pinched by an ear to ear grin. Yes, we watch anxiously as he looks back to the boys in the band and laughs with disbelief. It's incredible. On their first North American tour in more than 5 years, The Sisters of Mercy are greeted with a full house of howling fans. And rightly so, as Eldritch has never so much played the visionary as worked hard at it.

It was all there on Tuesday night. The blindingly bright chromed lights that stabbed out

of the dry ice, the megalomaniac magnetism of a slightly sardonic Eldritch who continually jutted across the stage, and of course, the bitter, unearthy howls of rage and romance which greedily grabbed hold of the crowd and pulled us in.

Only Morrissey has ever cultivated a persona to the same extent as Eldritch, but there is a vital difference between the two. While Morrissey has established a career on what he doesn't do - he doesn't drink, he doesn't smoke, he doesn't eat meat, he doesn't have sex and he doesn't like the Government, Eldritch has built a career on what he's done.

Born in London, Eldritch attended Oxford University briefly, moved to Leeds and started up The Sisters of Mercy in 1981, got very ill from too many drugs and too much alcohol, and then was thrown into a

lingering legal battle when the rest of his band tried to become **The Sisterhood**. (They later became **The Mission** after Eldritch won the wrangle.) Shortly afterwards, Eldritch moved to Hamburg where he released *Floodland* (which has to be one of the best albums of the 80's), and again in 1990, he released a third album, *Vision Thing*.

Eldritch has always claimed that he doesn't make music for money or for fame, but to exert control, to be the master of his immediate environment. But somewhere along the line, Eldritch lost that control, as most of The Sister's frothy tunes and meandering ballads just didn't make the final connection between the artist and the audience.

Maybe it was the venue, for Massey Hall was like an eponymous sea which sometimes swallowed up The Sister's weird and often intangible fog of musical layers before they could reach shore and be consumed by the fans.

Like I said, all the elements were there. It was a typical gothic show performed by the gothic band, and I can't help but think that if they had played at the Concert Hall or at RPM where fans can line up along the stage, Eldritch would have been totally intoxicating, and his ethereal mysticism would not have been dissipated.

medium II

is now accepting applications for the oh so fun position of **ARTS EDITOR**

Please submit a resumé and covering letter explaining why you would be interested in the job by April 4th. There will be a forum on April 5th.



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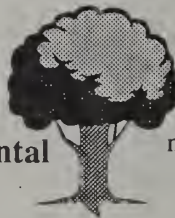
Apply Early!

CLUB

ORNER



**Erindale
Environmental
Association**



Last meeting, 6:00-7:30pm,
Colman Place.

Election for next year's executive. If necessary ballots will also be take in the Meeting Place on Wednesday April 3rd, 10:00am-2:00pm



**Erindale Varsity
Christian Fellowship**

Club Co-ed Volleyball Challenge
Wednesday, April 3, 5:00pm
Erindale Gym

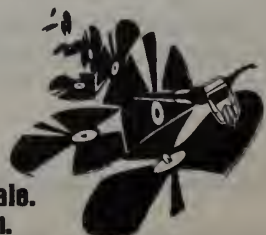
See you on the courts!
R.S.V.P. to Rob at 844-6772



Radio Erindale is accepting applications for:

- Business Manager
(no applications received)
- Production Manager and
Technical Director
(only 1 application received for each)

Application forms available at Radio Erindale.
Deadline for applications is April 4, 9:00pm.



Erindale

Special Pull-Out Section

A special thank you to everyone who submitted material for this publication. I hope that it is enjoyed by all, as it gives Erindale students a chance to express themselves in a fashion which otherwise might not be available to them.

*Steve Viau

87

91

PSYCHEDELIC
MONDAY

by
Todd
Kyle

I was served up promptly on the Queen's silver-plated platter, my head resting in a pool of red blood, my fingers and toes sitting on the side, my intestines basted in saliva, and my testicles nestled in a pool of semen by the edge of the platter, to be no doubt savoured at the end of this splendid meal.

No one had ever told me it would come to this. I mean, I had entered the Queen's service like all the other hopeful, bright-eyed, intelligent, sexually frustrated young men; hoping for a better future, a break, or at least a little fun. How was I to know it would lead to this? Do I look like a philosopher? I barely thought about the whole thing.

I should have known something was wrong the day I was interviewed by the Queen's Minister - I think he was Minister of Administration, or better yet, Human Resources...or was it Baked Beans? Anyway, the Minister looked at me with something between fear, dread, and inspiration, and said "you're exactly what we're looking for!" I was so stupid, I was ecstatic. Of course, I now know what he really meant.

We're looking for a few good men...

And they had us too, holed up in an ancient government building called Pisslake House, or something like that, in a series of dormitories and offices that were shrewdly designed to prevent us all from social interaction, strategic planning, and post-trauma syndrome. Every morning we were dragged from our dorms, forced to listen to Violent Femmes records, and given instructions for our daily exercise on the bureaucratic obstacle course: creating bottlenecks, inventing stories, and evading taxes while suspended from file cabinets by our toes. The reverend Minister, of course, made it worse by occasionally opening the drawers, inevitably causing one of us to fall, or worse yet, to bring the whole thing down with his weight.

It was during one of these afternoons that I discovered a plot to overthrow the Minister. One of my buddies announced placidly that it was my turn to sleep with the Deputy Minister, who was also the Queen's illegitimate stepdaughter. "This isn't for fun, you understand, man" my colleague whispered, "this is purely a business arrangement. To find out all we can y'know." Of course.

"About what?"

"You know. The plan. The plot. The Grand Design." I stared at him, bewildered - sort of like I'd been all my life. "We're knocking off the Minman, y' dig?" he continued impatiently.

If the mutant Deputy Minister was physically a little odd, mentally she was more challenging than a Rubik's cube. Our conversation went something like this:

"Is the Minister any good in bed?" I thought I'd approach the topic from a tangent.

"Minman...an asshole..."

"In what way?"

"Paper shredder...wastebasket...car keys in top drawer..."

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"Everyone's a critic. The weak shall inherit the Ministry, the strong shall take Algiers."

"Are you leading me on?"

"On the roof, in the cellar. Dancing in a dance club."

"What's on the roof? What's in the..."

"In the beginning there was the word. And the word was Skinny Puppy. And everyone was crazy."

And so on. It was probably because she was such a fascinating conversationalist that I didn't notice the Minister's face peering from behind the door. When he could finally hold his mild-mannered self back no longer, he began to speak, rather indirectly, of what he thought of me:

"Traitor. Traitor. Traitor. TRAITOR! Traitor."

The Deputy Minister slipped away from me, grabbed her clothes, and ran from the room, crying...or probably laughing. Suddenly the room was filled with my comrades from the Ministry, who joined the Minister's chorus: "Traitor! Wimp! Nerd! Liberal! Sell-out!"

Their chants continued, softly now, as the Minister, suddenly wearing a white curly wig, began the deliberations. "Where were you on the night of February 28th, i.e. tonight?"

"Uh, here, your Lordship," I replied quietly.

"And what do you know of the Ministry's state secrets?"

"Nothing, sir."

"You dare deny that you know the location of the fake car keys that open the secret cache of papers in the bottom of the wastebasket full of shredded paper? The plot to take over nightclubs in North Africa? The psychological experiments going on in various parts of the Ministry involving cerebral response to musical tones?"

"What?...uh...well, um, no, not really."

"What do you mean, not really? Do you realize that my Lordship could be stripped of my pension if these facts were exposed?"

"No...well, I guess...but I didn't really understand...look, I told you, I know nothing."

The Minister rolled his eyes in disgust. He looked at the young bureaucrats. "HE DIDN'T UNDERSTAND. HE KNOWS NOTHING. Do we believe this?"

"NO!"

"He knows everything, does he not?"

"HE KNOWS EVERYTHING. HE KNOWS EVERYTHING. HE KNOWS EVERYTHING."

"SHUT UP! Now. I shall pass sentence on this young man who knows too much...AH! I've got it. Yes, we'll give him the most extreme punishment available; he shall party 'till he drops."

"Party 'till you drop! Party 'till you drop! Party 'till..."

"SHUT UP! You," he said to the innocent faced guy who'd got me into this mess in the

first place, "go get everything we need. Execution of sentence shall begin in one hour."

And they led me, ball-and-chain style, to a cold holding room, the guys chanting "PARTY!" all the time. For an hour I sat on the cold floor, wide-eyed, confused, and just a little bit excited, playing with the broken paper-shredder they'd left with me. Finally the Minister appeared, now wearing a Hawaiian shirt, jeans, and a black face mask. "No final meal for you," he declared, "we want you on an empty stomach, understand?"

He led me to the main office, which had taken on the appearance of a scientific laboratory, with vials, ring stands, vapours, chemical stains, all that stuff. I was let free, given an incredible volume of bubbling liquid, and pushed to the centre of the crowd. Then it all began: lights, music, movement, dance, laughter, noise, words, words, words.

Words everywhere, but I didn't care at all. I'm not sure at what point I stopped thinking. All I know is that things started spinning, people and sounds and words all melted. Dancing, dancing, dancing, faster, faster, faster, move! Things were speeded, passionate, loose. They yelled:

"Party 'till you drop!"

Drink. Drink. Drink. More.

"Party 'till you drop!"

Push. Pull. Thrust. Fall.

"Party 'till you drop!"

Smash. Smash. Open. Open. Go to heaven! Go to heaven! Go to heaven!

"Party 'till you drop!"

I dropped. The music stopped, the noise stopped, the movement came to a grinding halt. The overhead lights came on, the office reappeared as usual; and the Minister, dressed now in his protocol robes, led a convoy of pious, loyal subjects to the Queen's court. I, of course, was on the silver platter, to be sacrificed to Her Majesty. You know the rest of the gory details, of course.

So now as the Queen prepares to devour my remains, why do I feel so funny? Why is it that I'm staring up at her with such a dopey, unquestionably happy grin? And why can't I stop laughing? There's only one thing I know for sure. Like I said before, I know nothing!



I layed awake dreaming of sleep
or a Russian town with valleys deep
Karl and I were discussing Religion
He said the subject was too intense
and that we should smoke some opiate of the people.

I saw a million Trotsky's
Stalin murdered regardless of pleas.
The opiate then reached my inner soul
where I saw nothing
except a poor, hungry, sore-infested man
praising the lord.
He was Job and unemployed
yet God and Marx were not annoyed
Trotsky's dead, Stalin is red
Religion and I live in a world of dread.

Russia

b J G
y o i
h r
n o
u
x

by Heather Muir

THE CITY

Seen pain.
Felt anguish.
Experienced torture.
Forget.
Sun rises,
Given new days,
New hope.
But sunsets,
We are hidden
In darkness
Of shadows.
No one can see
Smiling faces
Or crying eyes.
Speechless,
Afraid of who
Might answer.
Questions remain
Untouched, unscathed.
We have become
One of the million.
Towers of strength
Deplete chances
Of advancement.
Movement below
Is frightening.
Blood-curdling screams
Echo in our ears.
Walk beside the barrier
Surrounding,
Holding us prisoner.
We have become
One of the million
Burning for freedom.

DISCOURSE

discourse
relevance in question
tired ears
lead heavy eyes
ticking anticipation
blissful release
more discourse...

by Steve Rye

How tormented your poor, short life must have been,
Oh champion of the Mr. Turtle pool in Woolco,
To thrust your scale'd self from Sanctity, clean
Out of your new fish bowl.
The first mishap was the kitchen sink's drain
Where you failed and gasped for air in vain
Until I scooped you out with a spoon
Narrowly escaping doom.
The next trauma, when I noticed you stuck
To the bottom of my foot
Was just bizarre. But you were in luck.
You lived through that, my fine finned friend.
Until out of the bowl you jumped one night
Marking the end
Of your nocturnal flights.

Ode To A Fish

by House 48

by Nancy Bilodeau

The Flight

The strength of the textured rocks could
not shield me from the persisting
Yet gentle mist that brought the
sensual smells of peace and unity
within the living and non-living.
Blown from my face, swirled behind me
strew a tangled mane of brown lengths.
You could feel it here.
Drinking in the glorious light that is
never appreciated
The blue of the powerful waves seemed
to disappear when in contact
With a stronger force, the silhouettes of
strength
Soon the darkness of rest will overcome this
site of excitement of another day.

Human Nature

To have something you do not appreciate is
a crime in itself.
To want something you simply cannot have is
called desire.
What is it called, then, when you have one
thing and lust after another at the same
time?
Another crime, perhaps?
Or human nature.

a song by Frank Falcone Drop-dead Devotion

Whispers and prayers
in a shallow cathedral
Three-quarter stares
etch him detail by detail

Man, I keep tellin' you
as your bottom lip curls
Opportunity's killin' you
Snake's belly unfurls

Blindman's stoplight
Wait for the sign
Conscience shut-tight
you spill the same line

Drop-dead values
an' no time for funerals
Stained-bed, have-you's
are they sure they're just doin' you?

Secure a life of sanctions
blanket-covered doubt
Obscure the double-standard
Don't your floor fall out?

Whisper and pray
vows of hollow devotion
Commodity girl
with a bit of emotion

Don't you worry
with your penitent refrain
Like a runaway child
she'll only love you again

Secure a life of sanctions
blanket-covered doubt
Obscure the double-standard
Don't your floor fall out?

Mountbatten Revisited

You used to shave
Before we kissed,
And in the car, you used to place my
hand
Beneath yours on the gearshift.
Back then I loved late night TV.
"Bonanza or MuchMusic?" you'd ask,
Endlessly flicking the remote,
Pretending to turn me on or off-
Sometimes you did.
I haven't felt your face
Or the pressure of your hand on mine
Even Lorne Greene and Erica Ehm
Are cold comforts to me now.

by Sarah Woodruff

Penetration (An Entreaty
to Sylvia Plath)

by Sean Plummer

darling

delay my blankness
another minute keep
me from feeling
that easy urge
towards nothing at
all towards the
fall of crackling
black that drags
me into the
vein

inject your vivid
into this tired
black blood which
I might compare
to ink if
the metaphor was
not so appropriate

forget your own
death cater to
my self pity
with the needle
that denies serenity
and stupidity in
democratic doses of infection

you know I will love you forever

**Promises to keep,
Values molested.
Time to buy,
Life is auctioned.
Eyes shed tears
Full of acid rain.
Mouths release smoke,
Smothering oxygen.
Lungs sigh,
Silent collapse.
Needles of pleasure,
Dreams of hallucination,
Sleeping through unrest.
Outside
Inside.
No contest.
No contrast.
No comparison.
Reflections of distrust,
Love and hate.
Disgrace.**

WHERE HAS IT GONE?

by Heather Mjir

King of Shadows

by Chris
Ovsenny

He awoke with a brightness in his eyes. The everstreaming consciousness of colours surrounded him in a blue haze. Stars flashed across his view while a dim recollection of hallucinogens from his past surfaced across his mind. Swirling images protruded in multiple gatherings as his baser instincts attempted to gain control of his abstract body.

And then the fog lifted.

The faint buzz was the first thing to reach his consciousness - it wasn't quite an insect buzz but the insistant drone was more than a hum. A steady 'clack' became so evident that he immediately recognized it as a hard plastic sole striking a marble surface.

The sound grew closer as the buzz became ever more intense.

Something from deep in his mind recognized the 'wrongness' of this situation and identified it with the singing tone of the elevator arriving.

He was in a hospital.

The growing sound of the plastic sole shoe was joined by two others - a soft padding sound, most likely runners.

"How did I get here?" was a question now demanding an answer in his brain. Unfortunately, not much else was present at the time, as he frantically made attempts to answer his burning question. He reached, yet there was nothing to grab.

As the sound began to reach a crescendo, an image blasted itself to the forefront. *Play dead.*

As he faded from reality he thought 'That won't be hard...'

Again the buzzing grabbed his mind and began shaking it to the present. His thoughts were now 'like a glass', he noted, 'as clear as the glass but holding nothing'.

One thing had changed however, because this time there were swirling lights in his vision. A faint pinprick of brightness came from the right.

He bade his eyes to follow this light 'with all the concentration of a surgeon' (he mentally laughed at that, although not sure why) and then slid his eyes open a tiny fraction.

Hospital.

What struck his view was 'hospital' down to a 'T'. The off lime green of the walls. The wide wooden frame of the door, to permit easy wheelchair entry. The metal end bars protruding from the side of the bed. And that oh so pungent sanitary smell.

'That ever-humming, half-burnt out neon light was going to take one really quick trip to light-bulb hell if it didn't shut up real soon!'

So it did; perhaps due to the unified theory of science or perhaps due to the fact that a hand switched it off, but the hum did quit.

"Well Mr. Samprass, how is our lovely vegetable today?"

'I bet he's not talking about how his garden grows' was his mind's first rebuttal. His second would have been better had he not realized a vital piece of information. His name was Samprass.

He dug within the depths of his recessed memory and came up with Corey. Samprass Corey?

"Still the same as ever, Corey boy. I don't know why they don't just put you out and use you as manure for the daisies! I mean, a lot better than wasting someone's money in high security. Ah well, if ya's got the greenbacks, ya rides that ferris wheel!"

A guffaw filled the room. "I'll be back with your portable, pointy dream buddy in a couple of hours Corey. Have fun!"

The cobwebs began clearing from his mind as he snapped up every word this bumpkin said. His name was Corey Samprass. He was in a high security ward of a hospital, possibly a prison hospital or an institution. He didn't think he was crazy - 'although,' he thought, 'crazy people never do.'

His head began to hurt as 'Joe the Schlunkhead' left the room.

'These people are sedating me!' came his now flowing thoughts. 'These people are sedating me, so I must be capable of escaping.'

Another fact kindly distinguished itself for him. 'I've got two hours before they put me back into la-la land. I've I got to get the hell out of here.'

A choked sound escaped his mouth, vaguely reminiscent of a laugh, as he thought 'Mission Impossible.' He remembered he loved that TV show.

cont'd on page 5.

King of Shadows continued...

A corridor in a much different place, with much different people...

"The Council convenes out of order, Brother."

A crimson hooded figure nodded, as the two figures walked side by side down the long steel grey corridor, their strides perfectly in unison.

The corridor was devoid of any ornaments, with only a massive set of teal blue columns separating the steel grey conformity. On them were intricate carvings that somehow seemed to change in pattern with each passing second.

"*Balazar totum inequis*" were the words spoken by the pair now standing in front of the shifting pillars.

"Axanthium!" was the response that echoed out of nowhere, yet was present everywhere.

The two figures walked into the columns, then through them, entering a chamber that strangely seemed enormous. The two sank to their knees immediately, crouched forward enough that the lip of their cowl grazed the transparent floor.

Seated (no, not seated - rather floating) in a semi-circle were five similarly clad people. Their hooded cloaks were jet black, although the one floating in the centre had a silver band looped around the base of the neck, with the sash trailing down to the floor.

A sound came out, breaking the silence after a short time. "Rise temporal P-3 Guardians."

One of the hunched figures shuddered as he rose. In the faintest whisper he exhaled "The highest Ones *never* speak the base tongue."

"SILENCE!" the centre robed silhouette hissed. "Attend my words carefully Guardians. There is a vortex in your continuum, at P-3 Era One Nine Upper High. A bubble has formed and must be eliminated or permanently neutralized."

Now the other kneeling crimson robed figure began to tremble, an action not lost amongst the floating five.

"You have reason to be discontent. He is a prime being, and may use his abilities as such. yet the form is inferior, and unaware. The paradox keeps him safe, but in so lies his downfall. Neutralize him immediately!"

The pair nodded vehemently.

The room then became deathly silent, devoid of any motion - frozen like a portrait.

"We are between, Brothers."

A chorus of voices broke out all at once as they queried repeatedly the same questions.

"How did this come?"

"Why?"

"The paradox is in danger!"

The queries eventually died down and stopped.

"Brothers, concentrate. Disarray will tear down the mind slip."

"How can he affect the moment?" one voice finally asked.

"I know not," came the voice of the silver-lined figure. "The bubble distorts the stream. All that is clear is that it may exist to threaten the heart of the moment. Now, unite."

Suddenly, although nothing had moved, the portrait seemed to move forward again.

"The mission is clear, Temporal Guardians. Fail and you will cease."

The two swung their arms forward, arcing them to their chest and then immediately straight back out, locked straight and extended upward.

The crimson robes then fell pooled on the crystal clear floor, leaving only two faint wisps of smoke.

As the doctors gazed at the spectro-scope that Corey Samprass was hooked up to twice a day, they noted for the umpteenth time how random his thought patterns were. Officially Corey was a vegetable, unable to speak or move, however the medical world was using him as a case study on how active the brain remains when all the motor skills are dysfunctional. And Mr. Samprass was proving to be an extremely interesting patient. He seemed to alternate between thoughts of acute paranoia and visionary futuristic projections, sometimes so extreme that he blacked out. Doctor McIlhenny couldn't help but wonder at how many Einsteins, or Asimov's were locked up in shells that science hadn't found the keys to yet.

i

I'm pushing deeper and deeper into my eyes
to complete the search for my soul.

The windows are open but the sunlight is not
reaching my inner being.

Yet another obstacle to overcome.

A wall is blocking the sun from encompassing
my soul and giving it the nourishment it
needs.

Slowly, gently, the warmth weathers the wall
away

And the two become one.

You, my love, are my sunshine and I am basking
in your rays of desire.

The realization that my soul is surrounded by
needs only you can meet is reflected in

The depth of mine eyes.

ii

No concentration can be gained.

Not breathing a word, using only body
language.

Their mate for life?

For awhile

In my tongue, the word forever does
not exist.

In my soul, I must experience this
prolonged lover affair

Before I can utter two words I lone to
whisper: Love Forever.

iii

Engulfed in time, our thoughts race wildly.

In a maze or in a crowd

We can all be touched

Our species, you and me, can withstand
numerous punishments

But none so cruel as the effect of loneliness.

i - The Depth of Mine Eyes

ii- Forever

iii-Loneliness

by Nancy Bilodeau

Morning Classes

by Jean Guy

Intended sleep evades
Mind, body, soul

Crying desperately
Yearning for escape

Held in an immense coffin

Dreams of expected knowledge

Voices of the learned

Intrude upon our reverie

Prolonging

The inevitable.

Supplement

*He is almost everyone's friend
but not quite anyone's,
everybody knows him
but few know his name;
harmless is the most commonly whispered adjective
(only the cruelest employ sad);
never quite drunk
but never quite sober,
almost as a courtesy to the other patrons:
an adequately believable excuse for his Dizziness.*

*Down's Syndrome:
in the roundness of his face,
the slightly obscured syntax
and the immortal grace of eagerness in his eyes;
not as pleasant an explanation
but truer than the alcohol.*

*I watch him in the mirrored panelling,
my eyes publicly fixed on Lendl's left handed return of service;
embarrassed,
awkward,
too familiar
without the excuse he never offers.*

Not a Victim by Sean Plummer

Rose
Petals

by
Heather
Muir

Walk on rose petals,
Smell a sweetness
In the air.
Ground is rocky,
Hard on out feet.
Trees loom over,
Sheltering us.
Hot sand covers
Our path.
Raindrops fall,
Artificial cry.
Sunshine melts us,
Warm and safe.
Darkness snares us,
Dungeon of hate.
Peace and freedom.
Hands hold
Others close.
Carry guns,
Separating us
From them.
Wounds opened,
Walk on blood.

Festival Seating

a field of flowers
beauty emphasized
in their monotony
yet celebrated
in their uniqueness
each of us
a blossom
waiting to be picked

by M. Rabbabeau

1:55 AM

by John Giroux

I write, I light,
the cigarette that's in my mouth.
I feel as if all these things are automa-
tions.
If rage is after anger, what is after rage?
I'll call it love for a namesake.
Crawl, squirm, rattle, I'll play the snake.
I leave, I breath, the cold night air on
Mississauga road again.
Alone again - great, I can drink, smoke and
toke
with no one's conscience to harass me but my
own.
If love is after like, what is after love?
I'll call it depression for a namesake.
Lie, down, further, forget, take.
I'm home, I'm alone
again with no company or girl, just a pen and
paper.
If depression is after love, what is after
depression?
SHE IS!
in her mood again, these days it suits her
fine.
I'll write out energy from a formula mind.
If I go backwards will I eventually come
to the place where I was born? Technically
yes, but she won't be there, just some
surrogate, so I'll continue asking and
fast forwarding. I'm 19 she's 21, wait,
I'm 21 and she's 19. Oh well.



by Jean Guy Pierre André Philippe Marc Michel Francois Stéphane Smith

He was driving home from work looking extremely glum, knowing that indulging in self-pity was unwarranted. After all, he had a comfortable job, a nice car, a spacious house, and a wife to share it all with. Still, he couldn't seem to shake his inner sadness.

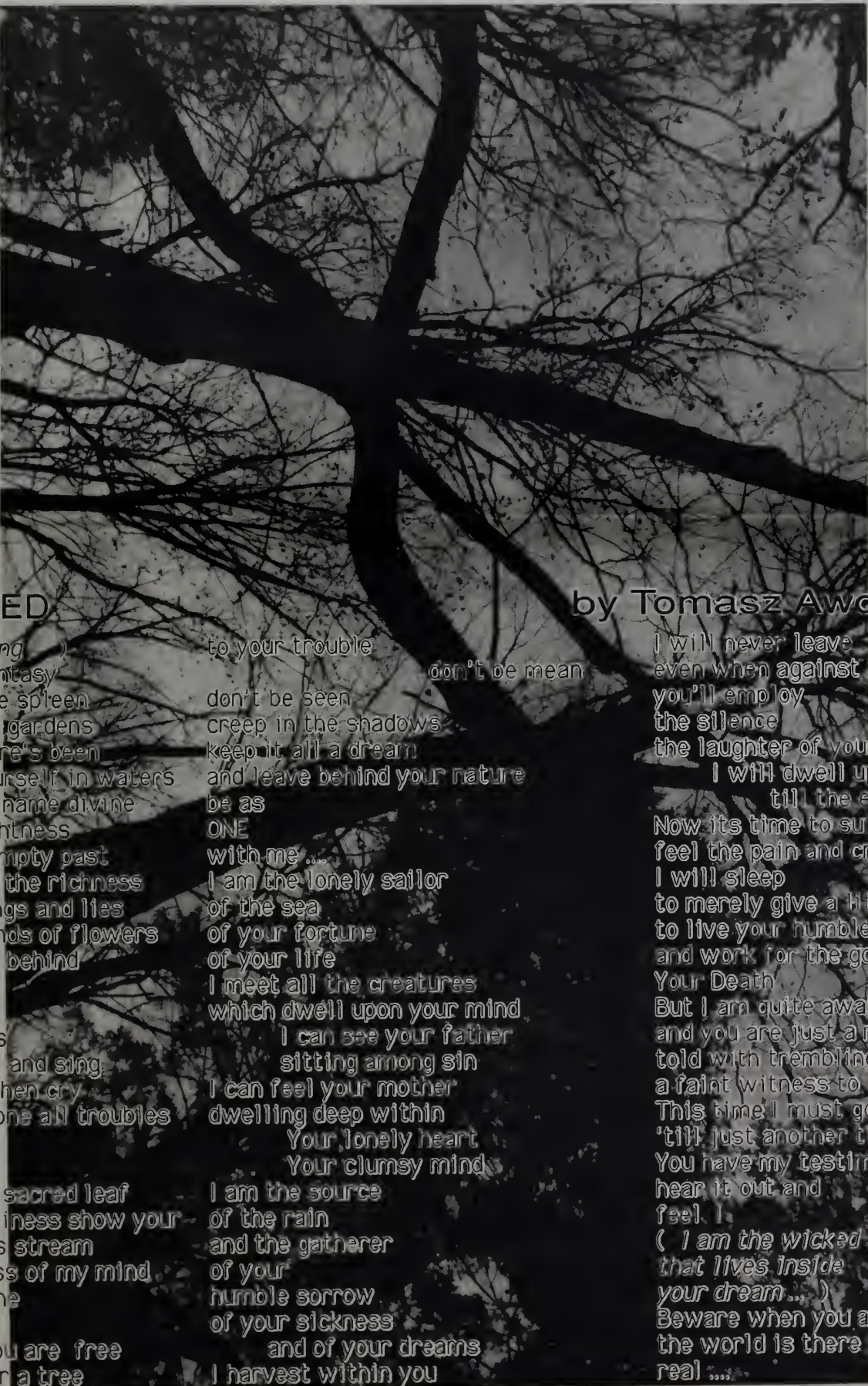
As he made the turns that carried him towards suburbia, done almost mechanically, out of habit cultivated by years of repetition, he pondered how ironic life was. Superficially he had it quite good, but the little things were starting to add up; things like the large auto repair bill the mechanic had handed him earlier in the day, and the meeting this afternoon with his banker to take out a second mortgage to make his next house payment.

And worst of all, he was passed over for a promotion at work which he figured he was a shoo-in for. The more he thought about it the more irate he grew. He tried to narrow it down, but no matter how hard he dissected his problems he couldn't quite put his finger on the true cause of his malease. As he absent mindedly turned onto his street he barely noticed the kids playing and had to slam on the brakes to avoid them. He regretted cursing at them - they were simply part of a chain of events - but that didn't help improve his frame of mind.

As he pulled into his driveway he noticed his wife's car missing, and it suddenly dawned on him what was really bothering him. It was his fortieth birthday and she had not even wished him happy birthday as he left in the morning, nor had she called him at the office. Now she was not home

to share what little of it remained. The day's events finally took their toll and he angrily slammed the car door and stalked up the driveway towards the dark house.

Just as he got to the door and was checking for mail he noticed a furtive movement behind the bay window curtains. Being in the state of mind he was, his first thought was of the rash of break-ins lately in the neighbourhood. He furi-



ously barged in, intent on protecting his home at all costs, making straight for the kitchen knives to support his bravado.

He reached out to turn on the lights, and his hand touched someone else's. Fear gripping him, he slashed out at the intruder, his mind reeling with confusion when he heard a woman's scream. Quickly turning on the lights he stared in horror at the body of his wife lying in a pool of blood while all of their friends shouted "Surprise!"

POSSESSED

(an awakening)
Journey into fantasy
swim among the spleen
see the hanging gardens
witness all there's been
Then plunge yourself in waters
which have the name divine
run into the lightness
and touch the empty past
then swim into the richness
of coloured wings and lies
storm the grounds of flowers
leave your face behind
within or in
the lucidity
of past sorrows
and sing
and dance and then cry
all emotion is one all troubles
die.

Wither, wither sacred leaf
fall into emptiness show your
subconscious stream
fill the vastness of my mind
I remain one
with clouds...
I sleep when you are free
I'm a soul under a tree
I'm in power of my pride
I'm the master of sublime!
(A fall into a dream)
I return with the

to your trouble
don't be mean
don't be seen
creep in the shadows
keep it all a dream
and leave behind your nature
be as
ONE
with me ...
I am the lonely sailor
of the sea
of your fortune
of your life
I meet all the creatures
which dwell upon your mind
I can see your father
sitting among sin
I can feel your mother
dwelling deep within
Your lonely heart
Your clumsy mind
I am the source
of the rain
and the gatherer
of your
humble sorrow
of your sickness
and of your dreams
I harvest within you
the product of your genes
I am the only medium
of your sleep
Don't reach in to kill me
Don't try to touch me

by Tomasz Awdankiewicz

I will never leave
even when against me
you'll employ
the silence
the laughter of your tears
I will dwell upon you
till the end of years.
Now its time to suffer
feel the pain and cry
I will sleep
to merely give a little time
to live your humble life
and work for the goodness of
Your Death
But I am quite awake now
and you are just a name
told with trembling lips
a faint witness to life
This time I must go
'till just another time
You have my testimony
hear it out and
feel I
(I am the wicked spirit
that lives inside
your dream ...)
Beware when you awake
the world is there for
real ...

Mirage

I subdued the image
found that I can
write despite the feeling
that poems a soul possess.
I stood upon my legs
and called upon the clouds
to send down flooding rain
and thunderbolts of angered
wise men and
their loyal chamberlains
- 'cause I have touched the sacred
image of the world -
forgotten,
unwanted
not searched for ...
What we have created
for ourselves
to others is unclear
strangles our throats
pulls toward deceit
by the rock linked to our feet.
We pull it along
thinking that we are blessed
in our suffering.
It's a lie
that we will die
once we abandon our
small form
which does not fit us
that we will perish
among the winds of languor
the cold of the faces
surrounding us.
Only a look
straight into the eyes
and they could recognize
that I am not dead

but am I alive ?
Where lies the point
of blinding illumination ?
Is it among philosophy
the wealth of nations ?
Where lies the vision
of our Being
travelling through
transcendentalism ?
Where is the exit
and where is the entrance ?
Here the mind and heart fail me ...
I can't find the answer
no gates are left open.
I'm a dilettante
trying to seduce the beauty
- Art
to find if she's
still a virgin.
I'm like an abashed
bridegroom before a wedding
not knowing who will stand
with me at the altar.
I don't even believe
in my foolish writing ...
Do they have any sense
these memoirs of passion
born in frustration
for my questions
don't receive an answer.
Does anybody need this ?
Does it help my being ?
It hurts me very deep
please understand
it is not a blessing
or talent
given by the gods
or by Him.
It's a curse

to have the heart of a
dead man
who on the day of his death
has seen the truth
but can't understand it ...
Not able to grasp
why he goes through life
afraid
and running after
the world
(where ? it is unknown)
to stop it
drive it off its course
so it can escape the embrace
of the hypocritical Scylla
and the languish Charybdis
and to abandon the image
constructed in its journey
of materials that break
unable to express
its pure soul
longing for freedom -
thinking that patterns
and their likeness
are the models of virtue
zenith of truth.
Why am I running ?
I don't know for sure ...
Is it the fighter's
or coward's spirit
that tells me to
fight without a weapon
defend without guard
emerge as a fool
without a cause.

by Tomasz
Awdankiewicz



Six Is Complete

by Nancy Bilodeau

Outside the wind recklessly scattered the brittle leaves, causing faint, high-pitched scrapings against the windows of the one room shack. Relentless wind whistled through the cracks, forcing Diana to pull her flimsy shawl closer around her. She sat in the dark and waited, for she could do nothing else. The old woman had become a frail shell in the last few long hours. Her power had failed, the phone dead. The wind had picked up and began to howl. All she could do was wait and listen to the shrieking wind. He was behind this. What did he want? She could stand the empty blackness no longer. She raised herself unsteadily from the stiff wooden chair. Her arms extended, she clumsily made her way to the back of the shack where she kept provisions, hoping to find a stem of a candle. Out of habit she groped the air for the familiar light chain and with a dull click came the breaking of glass. Diana's head snapped towards the sound. He was here but was he alone? She stumbled across the baseball bat she had bought for her grandson and her grip was tight, her wrinkled knuckles white. She stood motionless only to hear many footfalls. There was nowhere to run. Their steps filled her ears and the howl of the wind faded. Chanting and incense filled her senses. They would be in their familiar long black robes, red eyes glowing out from their hoods that hid their faces so well. Five pairs of eyes found her hypnotised by their chanting and with the distant cry of the owl, there were six pairs of red eyes.

Our Blind Duck Calendar

April

Wednesday 3

The Duck Presents

Our Dance Party
and Wing Night

Free Admission
WINGS ONLY 15¢

Thursday 4

THE PENULTIMATE
PUB

Doors Open 7:30pm

Preparing for the final

Friday 5

The Rowing Club
presents

THE ROWING
CLUB PUB

Doors open 7:30pm

FIRST YEAR STUDENTS

Trying to choose a program?
Get the inside scoop!

**ASK A STUDENT
ADVISOR.**

Call Jennifer at ECSU for the
name of an Advisor.

The Gratitude Campaign is here!

If you are interested
in helping out with
this great cause, or
would like more
information, call
Jacqueline at ECSU.

828-5249

We need your help to
make this work! There
will be a prize for the
most pledges raised.

ORIENTATION '91

Positions of:

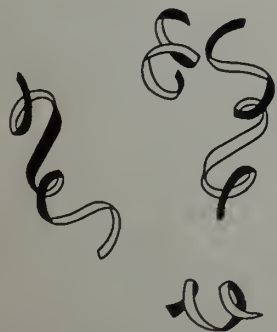
**Leaders
&
Floaters**

Available.

**Apply NOW
at the ECSU office!**

Graduation 1991

at the Royal York Hotel

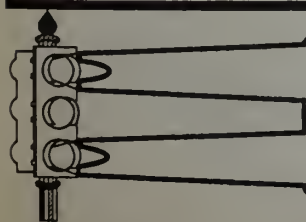


*\$50 per person,
"don't miss this
special night!"*



LATE NIGHT SHUTTLE BUS

Leaves Erindale at 9:30 pm, leaves St. George at 10:30 pm.
Cost per trip is \$2.50, 1 pink or 2 orange tickets.



SPORTS

24th ECARA banquet

by Peter Skov

On Saturday, March 23, more than 175 staff, students and faculty attended the 24th annual ECARA Banquet at the Blind Duck Pub. The banquet gave ECARA and The Department of Athletics and Recreation an opportunity to recognize and reward the contribution that students have made to the athletic program at Erindale College.

After a buffet dinner it was time to present the awards. Starting the evening off was Peter Skov who welcomed everyone and introduced some of the guests that were in attendance. Among these distinguished guests were Principal Desmond Morton; Dr. Ian McGregor, Director of Athletics at U. of T.; Dean Peter Silcox; Mr. Bud Taggart, Chief Administrative Officer at Erindale College; Ms. Holly Benson, Director of Campus Development and Public Affairs, and Mr. Peter Baxter, the Director of Athletics at Erindale College. Also introduced were the members of the 1990-91 ECARA council.

After the winning teams of the intramural leagues were

announced, the award for Intramural Athlete in their Graduating Year was presented to Mike Trigani. Several students were recognized for their contributions to refereeing and coaching. Lino Tonic, Hani Mitri and Jack Krist were given Coach of the Year awards, a new award this year. Winning Referee of the Year awards were Joe Kovacic, Gogi Grewal, Jack Krist and Vince Caricari. ECARA lapel pins were given to the male and female student in each year who accumulated the most ECARA points. Winners were Affik Choudhury, Ifran Shaw, Jason Mazaris, Brent Johnston, Tracey So, Melissa Jazbec, Michelle Power and Marina Colautti.

The Athletic "E" award is given to the student who has earned 50 ECARA points. At this year's banquet, there were 22 "E" awards presented, showing the high level of student involvement at Erindale. For the Special "E" a student must earn 100 points. Jennifer Alls, Mark Godfrey, Jack Krist and Steve Marando all accomplished this admirable feat. Leslie Trounce accumulated 200 points over 4 years and was

presented with the Award of Excellence. Considering that a student can earn 5 points for an intramural sport and 10 points for an interfaculty sport, this is a remarkable accomplishment.

Mr. David Connell, the Deputy Director of Athletics, presented the Administrative award, given to the student who exhibits outstanding leadership in the athletic program. This year marks the final year of the award due to the change in the role of the student in athletics. The award was given to 9 student members of the 1990-91 ECARA council in recognition of their efforts in producing an outstanding athletic program for students. The final 2 awards of the evening were the J. Tuzo Wilson Trophy, for the male student in his graduating year who has made an outstanding contribution to the athletic program, and the J.J. Rae Trophy, for the female student who has done the same. The award recipients were Tony Zekl and Leslie Trounce.

After the awards were presented, the banquet became a party with music and dancing. Erindale's athletic community took the opportunity to celebrate their accomplishments.



The first annual Ball Hockey Pub raised \$260.00 for cancer.

A new tradition

by Michelle Szakos

On Wednesday, March 27 the first annual Ball Hockey Pub was held at the Blind Duck. It was a night for the players to forget past fights and have a good time with all the other teams. Division I champions the Timberwolves were avidly watching the big screen which was playing the tape of their victory over Punjab A.

The first awards were the MVPs for the Women's Division. The next awards were for Men's Division B, both Simpsons and Bundys. The Division A awards were the last

to be given out, with Jim Romanko winning team MVP for the still gloating Timberwolves. Winners of the Division MVP awards were Barb Kilner of Horah's Harem, Scott Betts from the Survey Slashers for Division B, and Jim Romanko for Division A. The last award was the "Broken Stick Award," which was awarded to the player with the most penalty minutes and least points. Mark Zucchet was the sole candidate for this one, having 22 penalty minutes and 2 points. The night was a success as \$260.00 was raised for the Canadian Cancer Society.

ECARA PLAY-BY-PLAY

Rower's Club Pub

Friday April 5
Starts at 7:00pm
Admission \$3.00

at the Blind Duck

Come out and support the
Erindale College Rowing Club
BECAUSE

You haven't partied,
till you've partied with a rower!!!

Most Valuable Players

WOMEN

DIV I Soccer: Christina Tang
Div II Soccer: Sheryl Davis
Field Hockey: Patti Malone
Flag Football: Mina Gill
Innertube Waterpolo: Rekha Trembath
Div I Basketball: Jackie Green
Div II Basketball: Lubna Syed
Div IA Volleyball: Jackie Green
Div IB Volleyball: Christine Holobowski
Div II Volleyball: Carolyn Stewart
Ice Hockey: Mona Jones
Heavy Weight Rowing: Janet Mockler
Lightweight Rowing: Cathrine Murray



ECARA
Most Valuable Player

MEN

Div I Soccer- Ken Tan
Div II Soccer- Dan Robertson
Div II Rugby- Don Roughley
Tackle Football:
Defense- Steve Bulut
Offense- Sanjay Mehta
Lineman- Kevin Black
Div I Basketball- Chris Morgan
Div II Basketball- Eric Peternell
Div III Basketball- Steve Ryan
Div I Hockey- Dave Matheson
Div II Hockey- Shane Devereaux
Div I Volleyball- Ernie Schroeder
Div II Volleyball- Sebastijan Zupanec
Div I Squash- John Seaga
Div II Squash- Nicholas Lee
Waterpolo- Andy Csedei
Heavyweight Rowing- Pascal Barras
Lightweight Rowing- Craig Haslett